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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, June 13.

Hitherto 575 rebels have been killed in Natal.
Colonel Mackenzie considers that the spread of the rebellion has been checked.

In view of the growing agitation among the peasants the Russian Government is preparing to form a great land reserve of about 54 million acres on which to settle the landless peasants.

London, June 14.

News has been received that an Assistant Commissioner, Mr. Crewe Read, has been murdered in the Asalis hinterland.

Two hundred of the Southern Nigeria Regiment, commanded by Captain Rudkin, hastened to the scene and defeated the enemy after heavy fighting on the 11th instant.

In the Nigeria fighting Lieutenant Walmsley Dresser, Travelling Commissioner, and Lieutenant Chichester were severely wounded. The Houssas had twenty two casualties.

News has been received that five British officers while pigeon shooting in a village near Tintah in Egypt were surrounded by villagers and deprived of their guns and bludgeoned.

Captain Bull, of the 6th Dragoons, died of his wounds. Captain Pine Coffin, of the Mounted Infantry, had his arm broken, and Lieutenant Smithwick, of the Dublin Fusiliers, was badly hurt.

Relations between Greece and Roumania are finally broken off. Russia has undertaken the protection of Greeks in Roumania.

An explosion has taken place on board the liner *Haverford* newly arrived at Liverpool from America, resulting in six persons being killed and many injured.

The *Haverford* caught fire, but the fire was extinguished. It is suggested that an infernal machine caused the explosion. The explosion on the *Haverford* is attributed to the fumes from a consignment of naphtha and soap.

There are now eleven deaths and forty injured.

London, June 15.

The naval manœuvres are proceeding most actively.

Two liners have been captured.

The invaders early this morning attacked Plymouth, and the Portsmouth destroyers attempting to force an entrance into the latter port were repulsed.

A battle is now proceeding off Plymouth.

It is officially announced that Bambasta was killed on the 10th instant.

The Government considers that the rebellion has been suppressed, and there is no indication of its spreading.

The Militia and reserves will be recalled as early as possible, but 3,000 men will be maintained at the front as a precautionary measure.

The Foreign Minister in the Greek Chamber states that every effort had been exhausted to come to a friendly arrangement with Roumania, whose terms were not acceptable. He detailed a number of anti-Greek outrages in Roumania, a mob invading the churches at Bakharest and Kalafat and stopping the services. A rupture then became inevitable.

London, June 17.

More Zulu chiefs are surrendering, and it is expected that the majority of the rebels will come in by the 19th instant.

Only two important chiefs are still in rebellion.

Bands of Jewish revolutionaries at Bielostok fired all yesterday with revolvers and rifles from roofs and windows on Government buildings and approaching trains.

London, June 16.

The Japanese transport *Toyotomaru* has struck a mine in the Korean sea and sunk.

Fifty lives were lost.

London, June 18.

Five soldiers and a policeman were wounded and two were killed at Warsaw on Saturday.

A police officer, his wife and two soldiers were shot dead there on Sunday.

No arrests have been made.

Thirty-five Egyptians have been arrested in connection with the Tintah affair.

An authentic account of the Tintah affair shows that, while the officers were shooting, a fire broke out in a threshing floor eighty yards distant. The villagers became excited and attacked the officers, believing that they were the cause of the fire.

Captain Bostock ran seven miles to fetch a patrol.

The crowd was eventually controlled by an old sheikh.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have started for Norway to represent King Edward at King Haakon's coronation.

London, June 19.

Three of the Duma delegates who went to Bielostok state that the massacre of the Jews is worse than the one at Odessa.

The great Jewish financial houses are moving most actively to prevent a recurrence.

Lord Rothschild has interviewed Sir Edward Grey.

Replying to questions in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey said that he was unable to make representations to Russia.

It was, he said, premature to ask the Admiralty to alter the arrangements connected with the visit of the British fleet to Kronstadt.

The papers of all shades urge the impossibility of an Anglo-Russian understanding in view of the massacres at Bielostok and sympathise with the Labourites' demand to cancel the British naval demonstration at Kronstadt.

The *Daily Telegraph* hopes that no further loan will be granted to Russia.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In these days of telegraphic communication it is possible for thoughtful men to make very wide generalizations regarding the behaviour of the human species. The data for inductive reasoning are almost too numerous. At a glance we may take in what the little insect called man is doing in Russia, how he is hurrying about his petty affairs in South Africa, what plans have entered into his tiny brain to carry out in Germany or the U. S. A. and how he is pushing along, with feeble strength but with great swelling pride in his heart, schemes which a moment's quivering of the earth's crust may render utterly useless. The Philosopher may examine his fellow men much as a scientist does a colony of ants through a magnifying glass; but with all his increased opportunities, the 20th century wise man can hardly pass any fairer judgment or see deeper into the heart than those sages whose words are recorded in ancient books, and who themselves have, centuries since, passed to join the great majority.

The Psalmist tells us that "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision."

What a picture of the utter powerlessness of man in the hand of God! We wonder, as we read day after day of what the Russians are demanding of their Czar, what the outcome of this great struggle is to be; and we picture to ourselves the overwhelming consequences of a second and greater "reign of terror." Be still and know that I am God.—Ah that is the secret of quiet strength! Because God is God, the right shall triumph; and out of all this stress and strain shall come a state in which man can be man, and no longer a beast of burden.

The most unsavoury topic, and that which is least calculated to give enjoyment to Americans, in the recent telegraphic despatches, is the disclosures made of unsanitary methods, and gross malpractice in the conduct of the meat packing industry. But while it is true that no citizen of the United States can fail to blush crimson for the misbehaviour of his fellow countrymen, still it is the most wholesome feature of the civil life of the States in this year of our Lord 1906, that there are some people in that land who are determined to know the worst that is to be known about these industries which have been under suspicion for so long.

The editor remembers an experience of his boyhood, when having gone to the dentist with a lighter heart than usual because there was no cavity in his teeth that he could discover, he was suddenly and most painfully disillusioned by the surgeon's beginning to bore into what had seemed to him a perfectly sound molar. No struggles would avail, for the tooth doctor had discovered a hidden "nest of iniquity" which must be cleaned out, before there could be any thought of ease or repose for the poor victim.

The United States is now in the hands of dentists whose own nerves are of iron and who are determined to go to the very root of the difficulty, no matter how painful or disgusting the process may be. Let all who wish well to the United States hope and pray that not only this business, but all others like it may be treated to as thorough an investigation and fumigation as may be necessary. It is not unthinkable that even cauterization may be needed before the process is completed. Anything to be rid of this stinking corruption.

A FIJIAN DESCRIPTION OF THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'SPECTATOR'.)

Sir,—After my return to Fiji I saw in your paper a translation of the account of the King's Coronation, written by a soldier of the Fijian Contingent for 'Na Mata,' the native paper. The same man is again in England, and I forward herewith a translation of a letter that he has written to 'Na Mata' describing the recent opening of Parliament by the King. I am the officer who was in command of the contingent.

I am Sir,

E & C.,

AD. B. JOSKE.

Osmington Vicarage, Weymouth.

The Opening of Parliament by the King.

Sir, My Lord tha Mats,—I have already discoursed to you my sail to Britannia and my crossing to the big land of Canada, which lies in the way. Now I am going to try and tell you of a very great thing that I have seen here in my stay in Britannia, that is the opening of Parliament or the Big Council of Britannia, by King Edward, our Sovereign Lord.

It is known to you that I am the wandering hillman who came with the Fijian soldiers to London to the Coronation of our big King. That which I am about to tell will be quite clear to my comrades who were with me then, as I stood close to the place where we fell in on that day.

It is right that I should first make clear to you the condition of the land when I arrived in Britannia in the month of September. At that time the Parliament had been conferring for a long time and divided counsels had arisen, and it seemed to the King that its reports to him were waving and that what it desired was not the desire of the people of the land. So he decided that it should be dismissed, and that each member should return to his own place, in order that an election should take place in the month of January, where each one at that time in the provinces and towns should choose messengers to the Parliament or Big Council, to lay before him the true wishes of the people of the land. That thing happened in January, and the King appointed that the Big Council should commence on the 19th February.

There is a chieflike boy in London who is very good-natured to us Fijians, the one who fed us with crabs and gave us pipes when we were in Britain, and he it was who took me to see the King open Parliament. He had a letter from the Assistant, Chief of the Police of London. That was a most useful letter, because the police took care of us and took us to the front of the Big House of Council

and prevented the people of the land from crowding us, so that we might well see the King.

The Big House of Council stands in a long road, which is called the path of Parliament. On each side of it are the big writing houses of the Matanitu (Government), that appertain to the different branches of work; there too is our Big House, that concerns the British Colonies. We soldiers that were at the Coronation of the King know right well that Big House, as we guarded and watched over it then. But this day about which I am now conversing, on either side were spread out the soldiers, whose duty it is to fence round, watch over, and preserve the body of our King, who are called 'The Guards,'—shortly, in Fijian, the shields of the body of the King. At the mouth of every path leading into the path of Parliament were soldiers on horseback, whose duty it was to prevent people passing without proper permission. As we waited we saw pass the great chiefs and their ladies in their carriages. Who can tell their splendour, the Chiefs, in their robes of war and their robes as nobles of the land, and the ladies with golden crowns dazzling like lightning with diamonds and precious stones? Who can tell it? It was like a dream or the glory of the fairies.

Where we stood we saw all sorts of people. For this Parliament have been chosen many working men by the people as their messengers to the Big Council. This is a new thing, as formerly members of chief like tribes only were chosen. I saw one of these messengers of the working men to Parliament. He was waiting where we were, with a girl, his daughter, I think, as they too wanted to see the King pass. The man had a red necktie on. I was told that was a badge of a workman, as it is not the custom of people of chieflike birth to wear red neckties. It is not a new thing for us Fijians for men of humble birth to attend Councils. We find them in our Provincial and District Councils, and that their advice, wisdom, and assistance is very useful, their speech has been very useful to the land. Perhaps it will be so, too, in this chief like land of Britain.

The place where we stood was opposite the two standards of the warriors of the Guard, fenced round with soldiers, and there, too, were the bugles and drums. Just before it struck two of the clock the bands along the path were heard playing 'God save the King,' and the voices of the Lords of War calling out 'Present arms!' and then appeared the King. In front of him went four carriages, with six horses each to draw them. On the horses sat men, and other men ran alongside. These carriages had in them the high chiefs who save the King. Then came a warrior band on horseback, with a handsome young chief in the centre, who carried the standard of the King. When they

had passed by, then came the King in a golden coach, drawn by eight white horses, white as milk. As he appeared, everybody took off their hats and shouted Hip, Hip, hooray! and the sound of the cry was like the roars of the surf on the reef in their great joy at seeing the King. The standards opposite to us were lowered to the ground in salute, and the bells of the big church of Westminster rang out. The King bowed his head in response, and touched his hat, returning a military salute to the gladness of the people the land. Sombo! Sombo! how handsome the King is. Who can describe it? He is handsome and tall and party, even as a true chief of Fiji.

When the King had passed into the House, each one returned to his own place. The chieflike boy with whom I was said that we should meet in the evening with some other friends and have a feast, as a finish up to our joy at having seen the King. That thing happened, and we fed at a house of feasting called the House of Julius. The owner is a Frenchman very skilful in preparing food, and it pleases chiefs and ladies to feast there. The night I was there it was full of chiefs and ladies. I saw a lady there who, it was said, was the mother of a chief who concerns us, the Assistant Big Serite for the Colonies. She looked to me very beautiful, with a splendid dress and ornaments. This talk of mine is too long. I will finish it up with a wonderful thing. When the French man knew I was a Fijian great was his good nature to me, and he said that I should go and see his kitchen, and he took me there. Sombo! Sombo! the wealth of the white men; the Sancepans were Silver Sancepans!—I am, Sir, Mata,

Wandering Hill Man.

An old Indian was accustomed for years to come in rags and misery to one of our military posts on the frontier, and beg of the soldiers a little to keep soul and body together. At length one inquired what it was that hung from a ribbon about the Indian's neck. When the locket suspended there fell out a bit of parchment: it was a Revolutionary pension, bearing the signature of George Washington, which entitled him to a comfortable competence all his days. And he had not known it. "Here," says Dr. D. J. Burrell, "is a promise for Christian people, 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' It is a draft on the Bank of the Kingdom, signed by the King himself, with the amount left in blank for us to fill out. And we never have begun to use it! God intends us to be strong and enriched by his grace, with enough of every thing that is needful in order to the satisfaction of our souls to the very uttermost."



"LEST WE FORGET." (Continued)

By Daisy May Twort.

As he spoke, there rang in his words something of the triumph which must have thrilled through the glory song which the angels sang over the plains of Judea so many years ago.

Then, simply, tenderly, he told the story of that first Christmas night. Reverently, wonderingly, the people listened.

There were those who had done many gracious deeds for "the least of those, but had failed to realize that such loving service was as gold and frankincense laid at the feet of the Christ-child; there were those who had given rich gifts to friends and kindred, with no thought of Him who came as a Christmas gift to the children of men; there were those who had shut their souls in, away from the light and joy of the Yule-tide, and wondered amid falling tears why Christmas comes to aching hearts and lonely homes, and had not seen that afar in the east the Star of Bethlehem still shone.

A deep silence followed the pastor's words, a silence eloquent with the unspoken desire of many a heart to find the Christ-child. Suddenly, there sounded the voice of a little girl, and the people turned to see, standing in the family pew, the petted darling of a wealthy household.

"Please, sir," the baby lips quivered with excitement, "I find you have made a mistook, for my papa says there never was any little Christ-child; so can't Maggie have the doll? She is such a poor little girl, and her feet is so cold. She is out by the door now. I told her she might just peep in, if she wouldn't make the leastest bit of noise."

A few minutes later, the same sweet baby voice floated back from the vestibule to the ears of that waiting company, "O, Maggie, here is the most beautifullest doll for you! She has real hair and a whole trunk full of clothes. Our minister says my papa was wrong, and there was a Christ-child; I guess He's growed up big like my bruver Tom; and you are to have the doll 'cause you are His little sister."

When Christmas came again, the First Baptist Church had another Christmas tree, larger and more magnificent than that of a year before. It blazed with light; it glistened with splendor; the richest treasures of toy land hung as fruit from its evergreen boughs, while beautiful angels and tiny Christmas fairies hovered near to guard this wonderful tree.

Even those who had traveled afar, in countries beyond the sea, gazed with admiration on this work of loving hands; and there were many gifts on that Christmas tree for the Christ-child's little sisters.

WHAT I BELIEVE.

(Dr. R. A. Torrey, Evangelist of the Great London Mission, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.)

I am asked to state what I believe. I do it most gladly, for what I believe has brought great joy into my own life, and I trust it will bring joy into the hearts and power into the lives of others.

I believe that there is a God who answers prayers on the conditions stated in the Bible. I believe this because I have put it to the test of practical experiment. I know that there is a God, and that He answers prayer, as well as I know that water quenches thirst and food satisfies hunger.

There was a time in my life when I literally lived by prayer. Every penny that came into my pocket, every mouthful of food that went into the mouths of wife and children, every stitch of clothing that went on to our backs, every penny that came for rent for home and halls and the prosecution of our work, came in answer to prayer, sometimes in ways most direct and remarkable. I am as certain that there is a God who answers prayer as I am that exist.

I believe in Jesus Christ—the Christ of the four Gospels. There is no other. I believe that Jesus was crucified for our sins, that he was buried, and actually rose again. The resurrection of Christ is really the corner-stone of my faith. I believe in His actual resurrection, because I have sifted the evidence and found it overwhelmingly conclusive. I did not always believe in His resurrection, but I went to work to study the evidence to find out whether it was satisfactory and conclusive or not. I found that it was; that Jesus really did rise from the dead, as recorded in the four Gospels.

That conclusion carried everything else with it that was essential. It carried with it the fact that there was a God, and that the God of the Bible was the true God, the God of the Old Testament as well as the New. Jesus proclaimed the God of the Old Testament 'the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.' He proclaimed that men would put Him to death, but the God of the Old Testament would raise Him from the dead. A tremendous claim to make in the face of all previous history, with its record of death without resurrection, as far as man knew. Men did put Him to death, and the God of the Old Testament demonstrated His existence, His power, His goodness, by raising Him from the dead.

The resurrection proved also that Jesus was a Teacher sent from God, who taught the very words of God. This was Jesus' claim—God set His seal to it by raising Him from the dead. The resurrection proved the Deity of Christ. Men put Him to death for making the claim. God set His seal to it by raising Him from the dead.

Therefore, I believe in the Deity of Jesus Christ, that He was God manifest in the flesh. But I believe just as fully in His real humanity, that the Word became flesh, that Deity assumed human nature, with all that is essential to human nature, and that Jesus, morally, spiritually, intellectually, and physically, was a real Man, subject as a man to all the essential limitations of human nature.

I believe that Jesus Christ bore every one of my sins and everyone of the sins of others in His own body on the Cross, and thus redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, and that on the ground of that atoning death there is pardon for the vilest sinner, the most rampant blasphemer, the most outrageous infidel. This pardon is already provided. All that any one has to do to enjoy it is to appropriate it by simple faith in Him who died as our substitute.

I believe that Jesus Christ now in His resurrection glory has all power in heaven and on earth, and that He has power to free the most enslaved, and to keep the weakest day by day.

I believe that all out of Christ are lost, and that they will remain lost until they accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour and Lord and King. I believe that their sufferings will not be confined to this life, but will be far greater in the life that is to come. I do not find one ray of hope held out by Christ or by the Apostles to those who die without accepting Christ in the life that now is, and, therefore, I do not dare to hold out a ray of hope to them.

I believe in the Bible, the whole Bible, as the Word of God: an altogether reliable revelation from God Himself of His own character, His will, His purposes; and of man, his nature, his possibilities, his duty, his destiny. I have a pretty explicit theory of inspiration of my own that I thoroughly believe, but I don't care for theories of inspiration. A man's theory about it may differ widely from mine, but if he accepts the absolute

authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments in their teachings about God and His character and will, and about man, his duty and his destiny, and the way of salvation, I have no quarrel with him about theories of inspiration. But if he rejects the authority of the Bible I have a controversy with him, and shall attempt to show him in all kindness and reason that he is in the wrong and I am in the right. I do not believe in the infallibility of the Pope, or of any priest of theologian, or Church, or school of criticism, but I do believe in the absolute infallibility of Jesus Christ.

I believe in the Holy Ghost as a living, Divine Person, working in the world to-day, our present Counselor, Guide, Strengthened. I believe in the Holy Ghost, because I know Him experimentally. I know His convicting power, for He convicted me of sin, aroused me when I was plunged in carelessness and worldliness and sin, led me to accept Christ when I had no intention of doing anything of the kind, and what I have known Him to do for me I have known Him to do for thousands of others.

I believe in His regenerating power, that He can take a man who is thoroughly selfish and sordid and sinful, and transform him in a moment to a holy man, a man full of love to God, and love to Christ, and love to his fellow man; that He can take a man who in his eager greed for gold is grinding the faces of the poor, and fill him with such a love to other men that he is willing to spend his last penny for the poor and the oppressed; that He can take the drunkard and make him one of the most sober and upright of men; that He can take an abandoned woman and transform her into one of the holiest of women.

I believe these things because I have seen them with my own eyes. I believe also that the Holy Spirit teaches how to pray, stirs cold hearts into a fervour of prayer, and that the prayer God has thus kindled God will answer.

I believe in a separated life—i.e., that those who call themselves Christians should refuse to have their conduct dictated to them by the world, but should look to Jesus as their Lord and Master, and do as He says in individual life, in domestic life, in social life, in political life, in commercial life, even though doing so makes them peculiar. I believe in obeying Jesus in every relation of life, no matter what it costs, and no matter what the world says.

I think that this is a fair statement of what I believe and what I preach.



A lady visitor to a hospital found a patient convulsed with laughter, and asked the reason. "They've given me a track, ma'am!" he gasped. "Yes?" "It's a track against dancing." "Well?" "Both my legs is cut off!" And again he laughed like a schoolboy.

A lady and her little daughter were walking through a fashionable quarter when they came to a portion of the street strewn with straw. "What's that for, ma?" said the child: to which the mother replied, "The lady who lives in that house, my dear, has had a little baby girl sent her." "The child thought a moment, and then said. "Awfully well packed, wasn't she, ma?"

THE GIRL WHO SMILES.

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary,
For nobody smiled, and nobody jowed,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely—very;
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold or damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright warm, crimson gown,
And she looked so gay when she came down,
They forgot the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace,
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing,
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

—Mary A. Gillette.

THE BEST SIGHT OF MANY GOOD.

A traveller who had visited most of the cities of Europe, and seen the wonders of the world, wrote that near the foaming of Niagara he had seen the grandest sight of all; he was crossing from the American to the Canadian shore before the slave trade was abolished; on the same boat was a fugitive slave, who had burst his chains and fled. Guided by the stars, he had threaded his way through tangled forests, outstripping the bloodhounds that bayed after him. As the boat neared the shore he stood up, and ere the keel touched the sand, eager to be free, gathering up all his strength, with one leap for liberty he reached the shore and stood erect on British soil, a free man.

Why is not the exercise of saluting the flag introduced as a daily or semi-weekly feature of the recreation hour in the schools. It would give our children fresh impulses of patriotism an added devotion to the flag.

—Montre Star.

THE DAY BEFORE EASTER.

*I like to think when Calvary's sun
Went down in cloud, and storm, and rack,
And velvet shadows, one by one,
Blurred out that gibbet looming black;
Only one day must pass away,
Only one day must intervene,
Till aching eyes beheld Him rise;
But O, that day—the day between!*

*And did the dawn that Deathless Day
Like loveliest lily slow unfold,
Until the sundrifts broke like spray,
And all the world was rose and gold?
When silver clear, on list'ning ear,
Of those who gazed where He had been,
An angel voice bade hearts rejoice—
But O, the day—that day between!*

*And so I know when shall be
That hour, beloved, you must take
Your cross, and bear it patiently,
Up Calvary Hill, for love's own sake—
Blossoming born, your Easter morn
Will follow soon, sublime, serene;
But this we pray, dear Lord, to-day,
Grace for the day that lies between!*

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